

GY WARMAN ON CANADA.

The Observations of a Merry Philosopher in the Dominion.

Trembling, I take my pen in hand to write of Canada and the Canadians. Not long ago a great French critic breakfasted in New York, lunched at Philadelphia, dined in Baltimore and wrote his impressions of the people of the United States in Washington. Having cut a crescent from the corner of Canada, beginning at Windsor and ending at Niagara, and vice-versa, and having had the additional experience of a summer in Ontario, I ought (if I had the same ability) to be as competent to say what they do and how they do it in the Dominion as the Parisian editor was to write of the people and things of the United States.

It seems to me that if the "impression" of a traveler is ever of interest to the average reader, it must be his first impression, for, in a little while, we become accustomed to strange tribes, and their ways are not impressive at all.

"I hasten," said the eminent journalist above referred to, "to write down my impressions, for in a fortnight—in a month—they will be gone."

I recall now the first thing that attracted my attention upon entering Canada for the first time was that the station employees in Detroit were singing "After the Ball," and that the Canadian car-hand who was tapping trucks for the Grand Trunk was humming:

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strands,
Coming back from New York I heard

try that produces it and the trust that controls it. A choice cut of beef costs the Canadian a York shilling, 12 cents, just half as much as it costs in a real live town in the United States.

Two things I have observed in Canadian towns that are very creditable to the Canadians. First, the cozy little homes of poor men, with pretty gables and grass lawns; second, the fine church buildings, good schools and splendid public libraries. I put the home first, for there begins the education and religious training of men and women, at a mother's knee, and that brings me back to the Bible.

I saw four boys—young men they were—coming out of a bit of wood one Sunday afternoon, and somehow the sight reminded me of the groups of negroes that I used to see poking round the Potomac, squatting now and then for a quiet game of "craps," and I wondered what these young fellows had been about. The worst I had accused them of in my mind was of having been swimming in the Thames, but when they passed me I saw that one of them carried a morocco-bound Bible under his arm. Yes, the Canadians as a whole are good Christian people, and they "put a power of store by it," and yet I would not advise the stranger to get all his chips on that point.

In England, the servant girl asks how much beer money you allow. Here the first question is, "How many nights out?" If you say she can't always go to early mass she crouches herself, or if she be of another faith she'll hang her head and sigh, and say she can't miss

them whistling the same tune in Buffalo that I had heard in Detroit, and at St. Thomas a man was singing softly, as he wrecked my trunk:

My days are gliding swiftly by
And I am a pilgrim stranger.
Would not detain them—they fly—
These hours of toil and danger.

He could not have had reference to his job, for he was taking no more chances than I was. He simply sang what was in his mind, and I could not help thinking that these songs were the result of environment.

A Canadian writing in a Canadian magazine not long ago said the people of Canada were most God-fearing, Sabbath-observing—in short, they were "holier than we." I wish he had left better here, part of it at least, than it looked over the signature of a Canadian. I dislike to see a man so cock sure of himself.

One Sunday morning, while out for the little run that I always like to take before sitting to a sermon, I saw a woman and a boy seated by the roadside, mending their cows in the grassy lane, and wondered that they should be there so early, for the sun was just peeping over the hedge. As I passed, the woman, placing a finger on her open page that she was reading, looked up and frowned on the Sabbath-breaking bike, that was as good for me, out there in the glow and glory of God's morning, as the green grass was for the mended cow. She was reading the Bible to her boy. An hour later when I leaned my wheel against a tree, my neighbor, who had been reading his Bible under the same tree, rose, stretched himself and remarked that he would like also to go out into the country, but the cars didn't run Sundays (he worked hard all the week, and he could not afford a wheel).

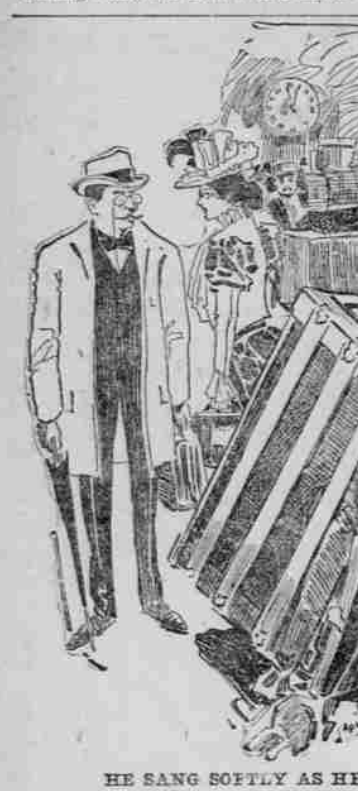
It struck me that he had more sense than the men who make some of the Canadian laws. For example, they have "breed-by-law" in a lot of Canadian towns that says every loaf must weigh two pounds, and the result is that the bakers haul the bread out of the oven when it is only half cooked, for fear of having it the light, for if it is, the inspector will confiscate the wagon. This law gives the people good weight and indigestion. It's not my complaining, I don't eat it—but I'm writing my impressions.

Some people argue that the value of a piece of money can't be fixed by legislation. These Canadians could do it. They can make bread by law, suppress the Sunday paper and the poor man's carriage—the trolley—and more. They have made a pint bottle hold nearly a quart. You can empty seven Kentucky half-pints into it without making it full. You can't do that with a Kentucky. They have a vast amount of respect for the law. After their religion the Canadian law seems to be the Canadian's long suit, and I am only giving the condensed testimony of a member of the people of the Dominion when I say they do not trust each other, as a rule, in a business way, but want it "in black and white."

They have that high regard for law that is English. A man who respects the law is a reasonably safe citizen, but above him is the man whose word is law. Away out in the hoary hills of the wild west—the lawless west, as it is sometimes called—if a man said, "I will be here at dusk tomorrow to help you open prayer meeting or hold up a train," he would be there. He respected his promise, which is finer a thousand times than to do a thing because the law compels you to do it.

Among their best laws are the laws governing their banking system. Their banks are as far ahead of ours as their pint bottles are. This subject may be dismissed with the simple but broad statement that Canadian banks never fail. Two have gone into liquidation here within the last 20 years, but the depositors were paid in full. A president of one of the banks once told me the amount of his stock. With us a man will wreck a bank and goes driving in the park behind the best team in town, while the depositors go to the asylum, to the jail and to the morgue.

You can buy authentic coal here as cheap as you can buy it in Pennsylvania. It costs 50 cents a ton less than it costs in the capital of the coun-



HE SANG SOFTLY AS HE WRECKED MY TRUNK.

Sunday school, and, above all, she must go to church Sunday evenings. And such long services! Why, sometimes they won't get home till almost midnight. But, with all their goodness, many of them do not scruple to obtain money under false pretenses. They pretend to be servants when they are not. The willing ones are often unable to do their work, and the unwilling ones won't. They are as bad as ours.

Winter is a stern reality here, but men who have lived long in this climate have learned to live with it. In winter they have a "charity" woodpile, and free wood is delivered to those who can't buy, and so they know they won't freeze, and that assurance makes people careless about providing for themselves. In one town an alderman declared that the man who had the contract to furnish wood to the poor was giving them rotten hick. The contractor sued the alderman. When the case was tried the alderman proved that the wood was not only rotten, but that it was little more than sawdust.

After all, there is very little poverty here. Even the poor are scarcely known what it is to be poor. Indeed, there is little excuse for a man or a woman who can work. If you want a man to chase about your place, you must pay him. Now days, and good domestics are as scarce as pie in Klondike. I know of no place where "capital" is so oppressed by "labor." I ought to explain that you are a capitalist here, as in the United States, the moment you hire a tent and employ one Indian. Holidays are almost as numerous here as in England, where I have seen the preacher and the policeman, all have their two weeks' vacation. I firmly believe that there are people who would "out" in summer at the risk of burning charity wood in winter. That's my impression.

I see a great many pacing horses, and barbers, and bearded men in Canada. Canadians do not dress as they do in the United States, but on the other side of the world. A modest American, in this part of America without being either conspicuous or embarrassed.

Every agricultural town has its market days—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Of course, Saturday is the big day when all the country folk who have anything to sell come to town. During the morning the market place is crowded, and when they have sold out they swarm through the streets, and the shops and carry home what they need for the house. The Canadians are sensitive. Kipling wrote a beautiful poem, with a recurring reference to their beautiful snow, and since that day half the poets and newspaper men in the Dominion have taken a pull out of the greatest Briton living. Then how shall I fare, who am not even a Britisher?

After all, the people of Canada are very like the people of the United States. They are vastly more like the people of New England than the people of New England are like the people of Louisiana, Texas or Colorado.

Five years ago one heard a great deal of talk about annexation to the United States. As men in the Dominion now talk now, and there should be less. They have as good a government as there is on earth, except the English. Then why should they throw themselves into the open arms of the wily politicians of the big republic? The Lord knows we have all we can handle. A few narrow-minded Canadians, whose knowledge of the United States ends at Detroit, Cleveland or Buffalo, affect to despise us, and a few "rustlers" on our side want to burn "US" on the flank of the Dominion, but the great mass of mind-your-business men on both sides want things to go on as they are.

Look at this man Laurie! I want to know if he would suffer by comparison with the president of the United States. You may say he's French or British, what you will, he's full of the stuff that makes a good American. But he's off my beat. After all, presidents can't make a country. It's the men in the field who bring the wheat to the mill, the farmer and his wife who stand all day in the market place

in the sun and rain ("All the winds of Canada call the ploughing rain") that make a country great.

Some of these farmer people are as honest and quaint as Quakers, and as guileless as children. If the farmer is poor, he seeks neither to parade nor disguise his poverty. I wish I could reproduce a scene that took place in a shoe shop one day in a Canadian town. To make it plain, you should have a picture of the bent, gray-haired salesman, who went forward rubbing his hands as though they were cold, bowing and beaming on the big farmer who came slowly followed by his wife and three or four children. When they had spent a quarter of an hour sitting and prying a pair of shoes for "Edward," the woman put them down, sighed, and walked toward the door. "They could not afford such expensive shoes," she said.

"But lady," said the old salesman, earnestly, "they ain't no place you can get a better boot than this fur 60 cents."

She "lowed" she could, but finally bought the shoes for herself, and here is where the frank, innocent, child-talk took place. The old salesman slid the ladder along the wall, hesitated, drummed upon a shoe box with the ends of his fingers, turned suddenly to the customer and asked: "Do you want 'em for best?"

"Well—at first—yes, then after, of course, I'll take 'em fur every day."

GY WARMAN.

HARRIS, THE PEARL KING.

It is not generally known that one single merchant, a young Californian, 32 years of age, controls the pearl and shell market of America and Europe. This monarch of the pearl trade is Samuel Harris. He operates in the Pacific ocean, and he has built up an astounding commercial reputation in the course of eight years.

There are plenty of cattle kings in the west and wheat kings in the east and money kings everywhere but there is only one pearl king, and that peer is Harris. Thousands of rare, translucent gems are brought to this country and shipped to Europe by his agents. He deals in mother-of-pearl shells by the ton, and the magnitude of his transactions has made the private mark of Harris, namely, a diamond inclosing a large H, a sort of international importance and a guarantee of genuine kinship. Harris gathers his shaggy gems exclusively in the Society Islands. For eight years he has made these Pacific lands spots the field of his interesting business. It was on the shores of Tahiti that first he earned his title of king. After repeated transactions with the natives whom he employed in pearl fishing he stimulated them from passivity to great activity, gaining their confidence and trust by honest and reliable barter. He never made promises to them that he did not keep. He paid them in full the price which he demanded. Harris is a finished craftsman, a connoisseur, he never permitted them to overvalue a pile of shells, and they grew to admire him. He controlled the situation at Tahiti. He was easily king.

It is said that Harris has been a lover of these delicate gems since his boyhood. Pearls have always been to him the most mysterious, the most wonderful, the most beautiful handwork of nature. To him, gifted with an idealistic, artistic temperament, they appealed in a romantic, poetic way. To him each translucent gem seemed like a tear from the wild eyes of an exiled, bewitched mermaid. They were silent tokens of the water maid's grief, she who perhaps pined for a terrestrial lover.

Finally young Harris took a pleasure voyage to the distant Society Islands and saw what made his eyes glow and bulge in their sockets. He saw native children playing along the sands with the richest jewels he had ever seen; he saw the native belles passing by with ropes of pearls gems about their throats, such treasures as would have made a society queen turn pale with envy.

Then Harris made his first business trip to Tahiti, and he took with him \$2000 worth of merchandise. His burden consisted mainly of tobacco, knives, rope, fish hooks and such trifles. He was a native to the natives, and the pearl trade brought back that year in exchange for his merchandise fully \$100,000 worth of pearls and pearl shells. He did not consider it a bad bargain and he has been king ever since.

Formerly only the lowest grade pearls were brought to the American market. The finer ones were retained abroad, and rarely ever found their way this side of the water. Harris has turned the tables, and now the finest pearls of the world are brought to this country and shipped to Europe by his agents. He deals in mother-of-pearl shells by the ton, and the magnitude of his transactions has made the private mark of Harris, namely, a diamond inclosing a large H, a sort of international importance and a guarantee of genuine kinship. Harris gathers his shaggy gems exclusively in the Society Islands. For eight years he has made these Pacific lands spots the field of his interesting business. It was on the shores of Tahiti that first he earned his title of king. After repeated transactions with the natives whom he employed in pearl fishing he stimulated them from passivity to great activity, gaining their confidence and trust by honest and reliable barter. He never made promises to them that he did not keep. He paid them in full the price which he demanded. Harris is a finished craftsman, a connoisseur, he never permitted them to overvalue a pile of shells, and they grew to admire him. He controlled the situation at Tahiti. He was easily king.

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